DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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NOTICE.

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A GLANCE AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Nothing in the streets of Europe is more entertaining than to stand where the Nevski Prospekt opens from Admiralty Place, St. Petersburg, and look at the passers-by.

Groups come and go, walking, driving, riding, and yet, so vast is the square and so

RUSSIAN COACHMAN.

broad are the streets, that there never appears to be a crowd.

You notice at once the difference between the costumes of the Russians (those who have not copied foreign fashions) and that of the people of Western Europe; for with the exception of many of the soldiers whose uniform is also an innovation, there are no short, close-fitting garments, but all are clad in long pelisses or loose tunics, fastened at the waist with a belt of leather, or a silken or woollen girdle; or else they wear a jacket of sheepskin—a natural robe in this frosty clime—with the wool turned inside or outside, according to the temperature of the day.

But their persons are not as filthy as would be imagined from such ways of living, for they are all accustomed to take an occasional hot vapor bath (usually on Saturdays), and a small room for this purpose is attached to most of the houses.

The Church lends its influence in this matter, for without a preparatory bath no one can partake of the communion; thus you will often see the face and hair and beard clean and neat, while their clothing is shabby and dirty in the extreme. It is well that this custom of bathing prevails, for aside from it, they do little washing except to lave their hands after the Oriental manner, before eating.

As to the peasant women, they go about in soiled skirts, shapeless jackets of wadded cloth or sheep skin, heavy boots, and thick handkerchiefs tied under the chin. I seldom saw a pretty one (the Fingal blood which is here largely intermingled with the Russian, and which gives a flattened face and small eyes, is more apparent in the women than in the men), but perhaps their ugly apparel was quite as much at fault as figure and features.

The lot of these women is hard. Marriage is arranged for them by their parents, and is literally a bargain, the father paying the young man from fifteen dollars to fifty or more, as he can afford, for his daughter's dowry. The young wife usually goes to live in the family of her husband, where she is to toil from morning till night at the bidding of her mother-in-law, and bear, perhaps, the indifference and dislike of his brothers and sisters, until she, in her turn, comes to middle age, and is head of a household.

The old peasant songs are full of laments over such marriages. Here is one translated by Mr. Ralston, which shows a maiden's grief at the prospect before her:

"They are making me marry a lout
With no small family,
Oh! oh! oh! oh dear me!
With a father, and a mother,
And four brothers,
And sisters three.
Oh! oh! oh! oh dear me!
Says my father-in-law,
'Here comes a bear!'
Says my mother-in-law,
'Here comes a slut!'
My sisters-in law cry,
'Here comes a do-nothing!'
My brothers-in-law exclaim,
'Here comes a mischief-maker.'
Oh! oh! oh! oh dear me!"

And another in which the practice of wife-beating is alluded to, and the young bride begs her husband to be merciful:

"Across the stream a plank lay, thin and bending;
No foot along it passed.
But I alone, the young one from the hill,
I went along it with my true love dear,
And to my love I said: 'O darling, dear,
Beat not thy wife without a cause,
But only for good cause beat thou thy wife,
And for a great offence.
Far away is my father dear;
And farther still my mother dear;
They cannot hear my voice,
They cannot see my burning tears.'"

Carriages pass swiftly, the wheels often running so close to each other it seems certain they must clash—small droskies—elegant equipages, with out-riders, bearing lovely women robed in the latest fancies of Paris, or grave ministers bound on affairs of state—and *troikas*, the true Russian turnout, where three horses are harnessed abreast, two to trot while the third runs at the side.

"*Na prave!*" (to the right!) shout the coachmen, warning pedestrians to clear the track, and guiding their steeds by the lines rather than by the voice or the whip.

Soldiers are always galloping or marching

PEASANT WOMAN.

to and fro—carrying orders, hastening to a review, or coming from or going to some distant military station. Many of them are in superb uniforms of green or red bedecked with gold; and these with Cossacks, Circassians, Georgians, Tartars, all in their peculiar military dress, make a scene as unique as it is brilliant and varied.

But this activity and splendor are only during the residence of the Court; for the Czar is the sun of the Russian system, and all things revolve about him. In summer when he is at Peterhof or Tsarskoe Selo (Czar's Village), his country palaces near St. Petersburg; or when, later, he goes to Yalta in the Crimea with the Empress; the city is dull and still.—*Edna Dean Proctor, in Youth's Companion.*

WASHERWOMAN.

THE OBJECT OF SUMMER SCHOOLS.

The teacher in our public schools who graduated from college or seminary twenty or thirty years ago finds himself bearing much the same relation to science which Rip Van Winkle, after his twenty years' nap, awoke to find himself bearing to the daily gossip of his neighborhood. While the teacher has been absorbed in his school-room work, science has not only vastly enlarged its boundaries, but it has also simplified its principles to the understanding of children. By the simplicity of these principles, and by the constantly recurring illustrations which they receive from the every-day phenomena of nature, science has become a study peculiarly adapted to the student in the high school and the academy. But the same advance which fits it to form a part of the young student's course unfits it as a subject upon which the teacher may lecture or instruct. The student, therefore, demanding that his instruction shall be at a level with the high-water mark of scientific investigations, obliges his teacher to acquaint himself with at least one department of modern science. But this knowledge the teacher cannot gain with satisfaction from the ordinary text-books; for nature, like a tenth century manuscript, must be studied in its various phenomena at first hand. The daily work of the school-room, also, usually prevents a teacher from attempting voyages of discovery into new departments of learning; and he is, moreover, seldom able, for pecuniary or other reasons, to establish a laboratory, which is necessary to his pursuit of scientific studies. To furnish teachers, therefore, with instruction in the various departments of natural science is the primary design of the establishment of the numerous schools which are held each summer.

But this is not their only design. As the courses of instruction in our colleges are enlarged by means of elective studies, the student finds he is able to avail himself of hardly a tithe of the privileges his college offers. He finds that four years are too short for him to gain a liberal education in all the departments of knowledge. If he wishes to make a careful study of either the classics, mathematics, or philosophy, he is compelled to neglect the physical sciences. But the summer school provides him with a royal road to either chemistry, zoology, botany, or geology. By its advantages he is able in the course of six weeks to gain a comprehensive knowledge of a single department of science, and also to lay up an amount of mental energy sufficient to meet the drafts of his next year's work. After a tramp through the Catskills, with genial professors and jolly fellow-students, engaged in studying the geological formation of the region, he returns to New Haven or Cambridge as well fitted for a year of hard work as if he had spent the summer in yachting alongshore, or casting a fly on the Rangely Lakes. He brings back with him, moreover, a knowledge of geology clearer in its principles and of greater practical use than his chum is likely to gain in his whole college course.

But a third purpose remains which the summer school fulfils. To a young woman of scholarly tastes a course of experiments in chemistry is more attractive than Saratoga or the White Mountains. She would rather be door-keeper in a chemical laboratory than dwell in the Profile or the Grand Union. Many a young lady of wealth and of culture finds more happiness, not to speak of knowledge, in spending six weeks in dissecting a clam and a lobster's ear than her sister is able to extract from a life of Sybaritic leisure at the sea-side.—*C. F. Thwing, in Harper's Magazine for March.*

A WISE DOG.

A NEAR neighbor of mine has a large mongrel dog, a terrible nuisance to all passing the house, which unfortunately stands near the highway. The brute has the nasty habit of rushing out and attacking every passing vehicle. Complaints were numerous; and at length the owner hit upon a plan which he thought would effectually cure his dog. He attached a small log of wood, or a "clog by a chain to his collar. This answered admirably; for no sooner did the dog start in pursuit or anything than the clog not only checked his speed, but generally rolled him over. Doggie was evidently puzzled, and reflected upon the position and if he did not possess reasoning powers, he certainly showed something very like them, for he quickly overcame the difficulty, and to the surprise of all, was soon at his old work, nearly as bad as ever. And this is how he managed. No longer did he attempt to drag the clog on the ground and allow it to check and upset him; but before starting he caught it up in his mouth, ran before the passing horse, dropped it, and commenced the attack; and when distanced, would again seize the clog in his mouth, and resume his position ahead, and thus became as great a pest as ever. Even on his ordinary travels about he is now seen carrying his clog in his mouth, instead of letting it drag on the ground between his legs.—*Chambers Journal.*

IT AROUSED considerable news-paper talk when a young Jew carried off a high prize at the recent Yale Commencement, his theme being his own people. A more noticeable case is that of another young Jew, of Troy, N. Y., who turns out to be the valedictorian at Williams College. These are straws which indicate the way the wind is blowing in Jewish quarters as regards education, and we are not surprised to learn that the project of a Hebrew College is being agitated.—*N. Y. Independent.*

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Temperance Department.

TEMPERANCE TEACHING IN SCHOOLS.

Amid the wide-spread agitation on the temperance question, beating with more or less force along the shores of the political, ecclesiastical, and social worlds, the movement carrying temperance teaching into schools is gaining greater volume and showing near and far its gleaming crest. Since the Directors of the Scottish Temperance League addressed a circular to the School Boards of Scotland, in August, 1876, on the importance of teaching the scholars in the National schools the facts of science in regard to alcoholic liquor, other temperance associations have taken up this vital question and approached School Boards with similar views and aims.

One of the most recent instances is found in the report of a conference held in New York, where the "halcyon" of temperance in schools, which first took wing in Great Britain, has shown its "shining plumes" across the Atlantic. The publication of Dr. Richardson's Temperance Lesson Book by Tweedie & Co., London, has afforded the National Temperance Society in New York a happy opportunity of getting up a requisition to the Board of Education of that city, urging the necessity and advantage of giving temperance lessons in schools. In England the committee of the National Temperance League are bringing the question prominently before the School Boards there, and a number of them have adopted Dr. Richardson's Lesson Book.

Some of the school books used in our Scottish schools contain temperance lessons, but as these form but comparatively a small part of the whole, and will only be taught as they come up in the ordinary course of reading, it would be of immense importance to introduce such a book as that of Dr. Richardson, or the Temperance Shorter Catechism by the late Mr. Robert Wilson, by which temperance lessons could be given every day in the year. Members of School Boards connected with the liquor traffic might start objections to such prominent and regular enforcement of temperance lessons, but the injurious and hideous results of indulgence in alcohol justify and demand thorough and systematic instruction on this subject. It is only by clear scientific knowledge of the nature of alcoholic drinks that the temperance cause will prevail, and the enormous consumption of liquor will subside. It is most encouraging that science proclaims alcohol to be hurtful as a beverage. Without this foundation all efforts to suppress drunkenness would have been ineffectual; with it the position of abstinence is impregnable and inspires the hope of its ultimate triumph. In order to secure this result it is necessary that truth regarding alcohol should be taught, and that not in a mere cursory but in a thorough and persistent manner. Whether the American story be true or not, that the best plan by which to detect a Scotsman is to put to him the first question in the Shorter Catechism, for if the queried be a veritable Scot a correct answer will assuredly be given, it, at least, affords an illustration of the effect of regular and systematic instruction on the youthful mind. And if our British youth are to be brought up with an accurate scientific knowledge of alcoholic liquor, a similar mode of education in the form of question and answer must be adopted. Temperance reformers in the various towns in Scotland should bring this matter before their respective School Boards, and urge upon them the need of introducing such temperance lesson books into the schools. The election of members to the School Boards takes place next year, and persons favorable to temperance teaching should be selected for that important office. But temperance reformers need not wait till then to urge the question of temperance lessons on their School Boards, but should now call attention to it. Temperance friends in Greenock lately presented the teachers in that town with copies of Dr. Richardson's Lesson Book, and most beneficial results may be anticipated from such methods. Teachers are thus made acquainted with the facts and principles on which the practice of abstinence is founded and maintained. Some hitherto opposed may thus be won over to our side. Admirable as temperance lessons in books may be, the impression made on scholars will depend a good deal on the manner in which they are enforced and illustrated by the teacher. Temperance committees and societies might do much in bringing the question before all the teachers in Scotland, and funds could not be expended in a better way.

It is good to devise measures by which habitual drunkards may be cured, and to restrict or prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquor, but it is better to get the young intellect and heart of the nation early and thoroughly indoctrinated with accurate knowledge as to the nature and effects of alcohol. We are not so sanguine as to suppose that the most exact knowledge on this subject will induce all our youth to become abstainers, for the power of fashion and craving for excitement may overcome all other considerations; but if alcohol is to be removed from its present honored place among the hospitalities and pleasures of social life, it will only be when its insidious and destructive character is scientifically exposed and demonstrated. While it is necessary that this knowledge should be imparted to all classes, it is of the utmost importance that it should be given to the young before they are inveigled by the drinking customs, and ere they have acquired a liking for intoxicating liquor. Bands of Hope and the circulation of literature have done much to preserve our youth, but to these must be added temperance lessons in our day schools as indispensable to the general and abiding success of the temperance cause.—*League Journal.*

BISHOP FRASER ON INTEMPERANCE AND EXTRAVAGANCE IN DRESS.

The Bishop of Manchester recently held a confirmation service at All Saints' Church, Crawshawbooth. In his address to the candidates His Lordship referred to the drinking habits of the day, and to the extravagance of a portion of the working classes. He said he considered smoking a bad, foolish, extravagant, and selfish habit. It did not do any good to the body, but harm, and it often led to drinking. On the previous day he saw two lads in Manchester, scarcely 14 years of age, who were smoking, and a friend having asked him what he thought of that, he replied, "They are foolish boys, who wish to appear to be men." He (the Bishop) believed that a great deal of the drinking habits, vice, and extravagance which existed was due to the fact that people were afraid of the jeering and laughing of their companions. Many a youth had been led into the paths of vice, and many a man had been made a drunkard, simply because he was laughed at by companions, who ultimately jeered him going into public-houses with them. Almost everywhere at the present day were to be found reading-rooms, mechanics' institutes, and working men's clubs, where young fellows and men could go in the evening, and read the papers, or have a game of chess, and was much more profitable than to follow the vicious habits he had named, or to frequent public-houses. Sometimes men required a glass of beer, but he was quite sure that they did not want one-half the quantity of beer which they drank. He did not say it was a sin to take a glass of spirits and water, but he thought most people would be a great deal better without it. He did say that smoking was a very vicious habit, but he thought a young man was wise who said "No" to the pipe and cigar. However wide they might see open the door of the public-house, or however merry might be the laughter within, it was not the place for Christians; and he considered that those people who frequented bars and free-and-easies and those sort of things three or four nights a week were engaged in a manner which would be fatal both to their interests here and their interests hereafter. Referring to extravagance in dress, His Lordship said before the strike at Blackburn he was preaching a sermon at one of the churches there, when a story was related to him that a working girl, earning 18s to 20s a week in the mill, wishing to be as smart as the finest lady, went and bought a very costly feather. He (the Bishop) was asked to guess what she gave for it, and he in his ignorance as to the value of feathers, and thinking he would say enough, guessed from 7s 6d to 10s. He was told that she had actually given £3, and also that many working girls in Blackburn were equally extravagant, and that one had actually given £9 for a jacket. This was before the strike, and he was afraid they would not have so much money to spend now. It was all very well for a duchess, but it was very foolish in working girls. It was done, no doubt, that they might be admired, but he was afraid that at the present day too little was thought about what the Apostle said was far better than the outward adornments, the plaiting of the hair, or the wearing of ornaments, There were innocent pleasures, and Christians should prefer those.—*League Journal.*

STANDING TREAT.

No American custom causes more genuine surprise and amusement among travelling foreigners than that which is known in our saloons as "treating"—consisting in the entertainment of two or more with refreshments, for which one volunteers to pay. It is a pure Americanism; all over the Republic it is as common as in Europe it is unknown. There is probably no minute of any day in the year when two or three hundred citizens of Chicago are not guzzling something stronger than water at somebody else's expense.

The casual meeting of two men who have never exchanged a word together is a signal for both instantly to exclaim, "Come, let's have something!" and for both to dive down into the nearest subterranean cavity below the sidewalk. The one who spoke first usually insists upon "paying the shot"—the word "shot" being a metaphorical reference to the deadly character of the contents usually taken into the stomach. If two old friends meet, the regular thing to say first is "Let's drink to old times;" and the resident must invariably "treat" the stranger. If a man be well acquainted, it is considered the princely thing to seize upon all his acquaintances as often as possible, take them to a saloon, and give them a complicated stand up drink at the bar.

If there is anything absurder than this habit, we are unable to put our finger on it. Men do not always "treat" one another to car tickets because they happen to meet on the same seat. We never saw a man take out his pocket-book on encountering an acquaintance, and say, "Ah, George! Delighted to see you! Do take a few postage stamps! It's my treat!" Do men have a mania for paying each other's board bill? And is drinking together more "social" than eating together or sleeping together?

A traveller may go all over the continent of Europe, of Asia and of Africa, without seeing any man except a Yankee offer to "treat," and the Frenchmen are quite social enough, but when they turn into a café to sip their wine or brandied coffee together, each man pays for his own. When two Germans long separated meet, they will be very likely to embrace, and then to turn into an adjacent beer cellar, sit down and drink lager and eat pretzels and chat, but when they part again, each man settles his own score independently. So in Italy. The Italians are proverbially merry and generous, but each man pays for his own wine, maccaroni and cigars. They never go into each other's pocket-book in the sacred name of friendship. They would as soon think of transferring to each other their washerwomen's bills.

The preposterous fashion of "treating" is responsible for the terrible drunkenness in America. There would be as little need of temperance societies and little work for the Good Templars as there is in Germany, France, and Italy, if this pernicious and insidious habit was abolished. It is, take it all in all, the most ridiculous, the most unreasonable, and the most pestilent custom that ever laid its tyrannical hand on civilized human beings.—*Chicago Post.*

BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS.

At the annual Temperance Conference in Glasgow the Rev. Dr. Marshall Lang gave a stirring address on "How to grapple with intemperance," from which we make the following extract:

We can do much towards securing better cooked food, and better provisions for the chief meals of masses of the people. I dislike to see our men sitting outside in some corner eating their dinner. Could there not be dining-halls, with attention paid to neatness, to elegance, to the formation of a gentler tone of manner, connected with our great works and workshops? We can do much towards giving purer and wholesomer recreation—counteractives as we call them. Surely we all hail, in this connection, the British Workmen's Public-houses. I should like to see in these the revival of the parlor "*pour parles*"; clubs, unions, find such in the liquor house. We can do much toward helping up a higher taste; proving, *e.g.*, that holidays can be enjoyed without drink. I have often spoken of chartering steamers at Fair times, in which no drink should be sold, and no one allowed to enter who took drink with him, or had taken drink into him. Well, and without expanding, unquestionably all that bespeaks a wrong, or faulty social and moral condition, is an aid to a furtherance of temperance; and if we would grapple with intemperance, we must set ourselves resolutely to deal with such wrong or faultiness. * * * How many are about the point which the cartoon in *Punch* represented England some time ago as occupying. Near the edge; and the tempter seeking to allure over it! How many more in danger through companionship and otherwise. Here comes in the blessing of the society, or the League. Better still, here would, might, come in the help of a more fully evoked public opinion on the part of those associated in labor. Why should there not be, in every large establishment, workshop, manufactory, warehouse, a temperance society? a union of men and women, standing by one another, first for their own sakes, and then for the sake of all around them. Such internal organization would go far to grapple with the evils of intemperance. We need—and they would be as so many rills feeding it—a raised up, intensified feeling as to the social disgrace and evil of intemperance. I am not referring only to the working-classes, so-called. I refer to all establishments. High time that masters and heads of firms looked the matter more distinctly in the face. Drinking is spreading among employees. Look at the luncheon rooms and clubs. High time that men drew more together, with the view of grappling with a monster whose proportions are so colossal. After all, we must look mainly to the young—to the generation to come. All hail to our Bands of Hope! Might not the instruction of the week-day school be, far more than it is, an auxiliary, teaching the evils and dangers, from even a scientific point of view, of alcohol. And yet, once more, all that we can do will be but a slight healing of the hurt, unless the power of God to Salvation is present to heal. It is through the Gospel of His grace that the seat of the evil is grasped. Cure sin and you cure sorrow. A new heart and a right spirit is the only cure—the one thoroughly reliable preventive. Temperance work must be ever in and of Gospel work, else there will be no permanent grappling with intemperance. Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the Word. A sentence or two as to the indolence and negligence of the Church; ay, these are to be grappled with. The Christian Church is not thoroughly alive and awake. Her voice is not so clear and trumpet-toned as it should be; nor, alas! are her hands so clean as they ought to be. The enemy to be fought is not wholly outside, it is inside the Church, and must be fought there. If we had a thoroughly in earnest, thoroughly at work Church—if we had a church that had drunk in the spirit of sacrifice—that had really set itself to the help of the Lord against the mighty—why, we might say that the battle was won. It is the uncertain sound of the standard-bearer, the halting action of the office-bearers, and the indulgent habits of a large proportion of the membership, which, more than aught else, paralyzes activity and hinders success. Thank God, there are signs of a better day. The Church of England, through 13,000 of her clergy, has spoken out. Her archbishops and bishops and dignitaries have headed a great movement. We are moving slowly, but moving. The attention of the multitudes is called; the conscience is becoming burdened. What is the duty? Is the question canvassed. It is felt that the enemy has come in like a flood, and men ask, how shall we lift up the standard of the Master against him in the strength of the blessed Spirit? Much, much remains ere the land can be conquered, ere the problem be solved—How to grapple with the intemperance of the city.

RICH AUTHORITY.

Rev. Dr. Reid, in a speech delivered before a meeting of the Scottish Temperance League in Edinburgh, on the 7th ult., says:

"It is a remarkable fact that the practice adopted by a few illiterate men for their personal preservation is now vindicated by the highest medical authority. Sir Wm. Gull, Sir Henry Thompson, and Dr. Richardson, the three most eminent English physicians, testify, that not only is even moderate drinking most prejudicial to health, but that alcoholic liquors have been used with reckless frequency in medical prescriptions. Take the following as examples of their opinions, bearing upon an aspect of the question specially applicable to those whom I address. Sir Henry Thompson says:—'Of all the people I know who cannot stand alcohol, it is the brain-workers; and you know it is the brain-workers that are increasing in number, and that people who do not use their brains are going down, and that is a look-out for the future.' Sir Wm. Gull, before the Select Committee of the House of Lords on Intemperance, July, 1877, when asked, 'Would you say that a moderately temperate person might be benefited by a slight use of wine or alcohol?' replied, 'I should hold the opposite as regards the intellect; all alcohol, and all things of an alcoholic nature, injure the nerve tissues, *pro tempore*, if not altogether; you may quicken the operations, but you do no improve them. Therefore the constant use of alcohol, even in a moderate measure, may injure the nerve tissues, and be deleterious to the health.' Dr. B. W. Richardson says—'I sum it all up: an agent that gives no strength, and, at the same time, reduces the tone of the blood-vessels and heart, that reduces the nervous power, and that builds up no tissue, can be of no use to me or any other animal as a substance for food.'

LET THERE BE an entire abstinence from intoxicating drinks throughout the country during the period of a single generation, and a mob would be as impossible as combustion without oxygen.—*Horace Mann.*

TO MAKE AND SELL intoxicating liquors as a beverage is declared a Masonic offence by the Grand Lodge of Michigan, necessitating suspension or expulsion if persisted in after due admonition. Every sign of this sort is a good one, showing that public opinion is becoming more and more pronounced against the liquor traffic.

Agricultural Department.

THE UTILITY OF SOOT.

How disagreeable it is to be covered with soot, and what a quantity of the filthy stuff is yearly dumped into out-of-the-way corners and holes! The writer has spent four-fifths of his life in and about gardens. During those years he has been compelled to fight insects—many of them very small and others large—and this "nasty soot" has been one of the best aids in overcoming the myriads of insects that attack plants in a state of cultivation. He once lived on a place that lay on the edge of a marsh, or large tract of bog-land; and such a location is always favorable for insects. Nothing in the way of cabbage could be grown there successfully without the aid of soot; no densely crowded heads of snowy-white cauliflower would have graced the owner's table if soot had not been freely used. All the stirring of the soil and manuring that could be done would not avail to produce a fair crop. Soot was first sprinkled over the ground before the seeds were sown, then worked into the soil; and after the seedlings had made their second or proper leaves advantage was taken of a dewy morning to cover them with a light sprinkling of soot. Then when the young plants were transplanted they were dipped into a paint composed of equal parts of soot and soil, mixed up with water, or, what is better still, soapsuds, until the whole was like thin paint. Into this handsful of plants were placed, so that they were covered up to their first leaves, and even partly covering them. After doing this, there was little or no trouble in producing cabbage, cauliflowers, or any of their brothers—such as Savoys, Brussels sprouts, or the curled kale of Aberdeen—fit for any piece of humanity, from a prince to a beggar.

Soot is one of the best friends that a gardener or farmer has, and if he permits an ounce of it to be thrown away he is casting away his own wealth. It will not kill the wire-worm or annihilate troublesome insects; but it will make it very annoying for them to be compelled to eat through it before they can get at the nice, succulent vegetables. If soot is first sown pretty thickly over the soil where onions, carrots, and other root crops are to be grown, and then worked in, so as not to come in contact with the seed when it is sown, there is no fear of losing a crop by the ravages of maggots, wire-worms, and other pests. Here in Western America we complain of insects, while we throw away that which would drive them to seek their food in some other place. The roller fly or moth comes regularly every May to disfigure our rose-bushes, often making them appear as if they had been burned by a hot sun; when, if the bushes had been damped and soot put on them in the first weeks in May, say once a week, the roller fly would have been missing. Should any leaves have missed a coat of soot, look them over about five or six o'clock in the evening, and this insect may be easily seen on the top of the leaf, where it has gone to feed during the night; while in the day time it lies quietly underneath, to shade itself from the sun.

The farmers of England are great soot-users, and it is no uncommon thing to see a whole train of soot leaving the towns for the farms and gardens at a distance. The turnip crop of England would be a failure each year were it not for soot, and this is a very important crop in many districts. After they get into the second leaf the soot begins to fly; or if not a small fly takes possession of the young, tender leaves, and leaves the farmer nothing for his labor.

Soot is not only a good thing to drive away insects, but is also a powerful stimulant. The ammonia it contains readily mixes with whatever moisture comes in contact with it, and makes the plants feel good, so to speak. The carbon and sulphurous gases in it also add their share to the health of the plant. Therefore, kind friends, don't waste your soot. Store it as you would gold, for it is quite as valuable in the economy of life.—*An Old Gardener, in Vick's Illustrated Magazine.*

THE GUARDIAN GOOSE.

Mr. X., of Blank, Mississippi, was proprietor of several cotton plantations, one of which was on the hills, about twenty miles from his place of residence, where he frequently resorted for a few days at a time in the spring season. That region is very hilly, and when denuded of forest, and brought into tillage, is liable to wash into sharp and deep ravines during the rainy season. It abounds in these ravines, with precipitous sides, to such a degree, that those only who know the country well can walk at night without peril. One of a favorite pair of Mr. X.'s carriage horses, becoming blind, he was sent to this plantation, there to spend the remainder of his days in ease and in the companionship of his mate, who was accordingly sent with him. A flock of domestic geese made a part of the stock of the place, one of which suddenly conceived a strong attachment to the blind horse. The goose soon became his pilot, constantly keeping before him when at pasture, and leading him by the sound of her voice, which she modulated into tones of cheery caress, thus preserving him from the dangerous ravines that scarred the pasture in all directions.

Such association necessarily united the two creatures in bonds of affection that were as warm and interesting as they seemed strange and unnatural. One day, while Mr. and Mrs. X. were seated at dinner, the latter observed the goose in a distant field, violently describing circles, with upraised wings and extended neck. The horse could not be seen, and a gang of negroes was instantly summoned to go to the rescue. The negroes, with their master and mistress, were soon upon the ground, where they found the blind horse lying helpless on his back at the bottom of a gorge. The negroes descended to his assistance, but the goose, apparently apprehending that their mission was one of mischief rather than of mercy, descended also, and assailed them with a violence which was only equalled by her joy when the horse was released.

At the next ploughing season, the overseer of the estate, finding that a part of the spring work was getting behindhand, advised Mr. X. to use the blind horse and his mate. Mr. X. reluctantly consented, and they were put into the field accordingly. The experiment that promised so well, was marred by a circumstance which had not been anticipated.

The guardian goose, insisting upon leading her blind charge, was so in the way at the end of every furrow, that it was necessary to catch her, lest, in turning to recross, the guide, absorbed in devotion, should be trampled to death. The "nooning" came, and the ploughman reported his embarrassment to the overseer, who had the goose put in a pen until the ploughing should be finished. Only a few days after, when the horses had been led to the stable for their midday meal, the goose, by a desperate effort, escaped from her confinement, and rushed to the stable, where the horses had just been tied, but not, it would seem, in the accustomed stalls. She caressed with bill and neck the fetlocks of the wrong horse, and was killed by an unlucky kick.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

WALKING HORSES.

Walking is the most important gait for useful horses, yet little attention is paid to developing this most valuable quality. The fast walking gait is of immensely more importance than the fast trotting gait. An increase of one mile per hour in the walking gait of all the farm-horses of the country would represent hundreds of millions in the economy of labor for a single year. Yet this might much more easily be accomplished than what has already been done in increasing the trotting speed. The ordinary walking gait of a horse on the road is three miles, and on the plough, two and a quarter to two and a half miles. Supposing this could be increased one mile per hour in each case; it would represent thirty-three per cent. extra travel, or ten miles per day on the road, and about the same on the farm. The money value of this for the 2,500,000 working-teams would be enormous, but it is perfectly capable of accomplishment. If the attention could be turned to this practical improvement as it has been to the pleasurable and fanciful one of trotting, it would in ten years add more than a hundred millions to the annual productive industry of the country.

In England, the draft horse is not permitted to be driven faster than a walk on the public road. Heavy draft and steady movement go together, and any attempt to mix up trotting action with work must result in failure. But the useful horse should be trained with the same care and zeal for the special purpose to which he is devoted as is the trotting or running horse; and could this same enthusiasm be infused into the breeders of these faithful servants as the sporting fraternity give to the rearing and training of their pets, it would soon produce almost a revolution in the motive power of the farm and local commerce. The walking gait is the working gait, and the work of the world is more important than the pleasure; therefore let no breeders ignore the useful horse, that is connected with the highest progress of mankind.—*Live Stock Journal.*

Cayenne Pepper.—Fowls seem to need some stimulating food, or, rather, an occasional seasoning of their different feeds of grain in its varied forms. Some breeders resort to prepared foods, or some of the condimental poultry foods, which are now so prominently brought before the public. Some of these are undoubtedly most excellent, and a breeder may be benefited by using them knowingly. There are some of the preparations, however, which are to be tried with caution, for they are prepared by those who do not know anything about compounding preparations of any kind. Other things being equal, the simplest thing that can be used is often found to be the best. In this connection Cayenne pepper is largely used, especially for young chicks, and for young turkeys, too; but it must not be fed in too large quantities. Better feed sparingly and often than a long intervals and in a large quantities. It should always be fed with soft or mixed food, especially with corn-meal. Mix the popper well with the meal before moistening it, so as to insure its being well mixed through. Poultry breeders—those who raise turkeys largely especially—known the value of Cayenne pepper, and use it accordingly. Full-grown fowls too, are very fond of it and it serves to keep them healthy, sharpens their appetites, and helps to induce them to lay well and early.—*American Poultry Journal and Record.*

A Cheap Ice-house.—My ice-house is a crib ten feet by ten and a half inside, and eight high, and set directly on the surface of the ground; the posts are made of slabs and the sides are of the same, nailed on horizontally, two or three inches apart. Cost of lumber four dollars; nails, fifty cents; labor done by farm hand. Five three-horse loads of ice filled it. In filling, one foot of sawdust was put in, and then a layer of ice one foot from the sides, the edges packed and the middle broken up a little; and as each layer was put in, sawdust was filled in between the ice and boards, and so on till the crib was filled. The top was finished rounding, and covered with a foot of sawdust, and pine boughs on that, to keep the wind from blowing it away, and has had no roof of any kind. The first of this month there was still sixteen inches of ice left. In the middle of one end, about one foot from the boards, is a dumb-waiter case, fifteen inches square and ten feet high, inside which is a dumb-waiter two and a half feet long, fitted up with shelves for meat, butter, etc., and it has answered a good purpose.—*Cor. Country Gentlemen.*

To Wean a Colt.—Circumstances often make it desirable to wean a colt short of the time they usually run with the mare. I weaned a last spring colt in the following manner: I fed grain or meal to the mare when the colt was with her. The colt soon learned to eat meal with the dam. After he has been taught to eat with the mare he will eat as readily when he is removed from her. I put my colt in a stable where he could have plenty of exercise, in a large yard, fed him with hay and bran mixed with milk, which I soon taught him to drink without the bran. I weaned him from the mare, in this way, when he was three months old; he seemed contented, and I think did as well as though he had run with the mare two months longer. It is much better for the mare, and more convenient if one wants to use her, as most people do in the country, while the colt is with her. This way of weaning colts is very convenient, and one can feed milk at such times as seem judicious, and substitute grain or shorts for the milk at any reasonable time.—*Cor. N. E. Farmer.*

—Even after the grass-plot is cleared of its mower-bothers the machine cannot do all the needed work. It cannot cut borders; and a lawn with ill-kept borders will look as slatternly as a lady whose dress is frayed out on the edges. Somehow the grass, and especially the rank-growing varieties, delights to stray into the flower-beds and to pop up between the cracks of the bricks and flagging. Once a month at least one must go over the edges with a sharp knife or spade and cut true straight and curved lines. And every week there will be left a fringe of uncut grass along the edges, which must be clipped with the shears. The grass in the bricks must be pulled up by the roots or killed with hot water and salt. It is these final finishing touches that make a place complete. Where the turf comes up to the house walls it is a good plan to lay a line of bricks, flat side down, next the wall and even with the turf, for the wheel of the mower to turn upon.—*Christian Union.*

Measuring Corn in Bulk.—Multiply the length, width, and height together by inches, and divide the product by 3,888. This will give the number of bushels in the crib or wagon box. For example, the crib that is twenty feet long, four feet wide, and eight feet high, holds 284 4-9 bushels. And such a crib is 240 inches long, 48 inches wide, and 96 inches high, containing 1,105,920 inches. Divide that by 3,888, and it will give 284 4-9 bushels. Again, if your wagon bed is 11 feet long, 2 feet wide, and seventeen inches deep, multiply 132 inches long, 36 inches wide, 17 inches deep together, and it will make 80,784 inches. Divide by 3,888, and the bed will hold 20 7-9 bushels.

DOMESTIC.

Orangeade.—Squeeze out the juice of an orange, pour boiling water on a little of the peel, and cover it close. Boil water and sugar to a thin syrup, and skim it. When all are cold, mix the juice, the infusion, and the syrup with as much more water as will make a rich drink. Strain through a jelly-bag, and ice.

Luncheon Apples.—Peel the apples, leaving an inch of the stalks. Put them in a saucepan, cover them with cold water, and let them simmer gently till they are tender throughout. Take them up before they are broken, put them on a dish, sprinkle powdered sugar thickly upon them, and serve hot or cold. Cream or milk may be eaten with them.

Sponge Cakes (safe general rule for making all sizes).—Take any number of fresh eggs, with their weight in sugar, half their weight in flour, and any flavoring that may be chosen. Break the eggs, put the yolks and the whites into separate bowls, and take away the specks. Beat the yolks and the sugar together, add the flour, and, lastly, the whites of the eggs beaten to a firm froth. Beat the mixture thoroughly, put the batter into a tin lined with buttered paper, and bake in a brisk oven.

Spanish Cream.—Boil half an ounce of isinglass in a quarter of a pint of water till it is dissolved. When nearly cold, strain it through muslin, and mix with it a pint of cream or milk. Stir it over the fire till it boils, let it cool a little, then add gradually the well-beaten yolks of three eggs, and any flavoring that may be preferred. Stir it until nearly cold, pour it into a damp mould, and put it in a cool place till set. When wanted for use, dip it into hot water for half a minute, shake it well to loosen the edges, place the dish upon the mould, and turn it out quickly.

Sheep-skin Mats.—We have just been washing sheep-skins to make mats. They are, when colored nicely, a very comfortable covering for a floor, and as our living-rooms are of hard wood ash and cherry alternate, and oiled, we dispense with the use of carpets and all their dusty results. The skins were rolled up fresh with a sprinkling of salt and saltpetre, and now we wash in strong suds, to which is added a little kerosene and ammonia. When quite clean they were soaked a day in salt water with a little alum and then hung to drain. When about half dry, we called the boys to bring a ladder and they nailed them, wool side in, to a side of the barn where the eaves would prevent their being rained on. They will need some attention yet, for they must be rubbed well with alum and saltpetre, on the skin until perfectly dry. Then with a blunt knife all impurities must be cleaned off, and they must be rubbed with pumice stone. The skins are afterwards trimmed off, the tail sometimes left on, and lined with coarse toweling. They are pretty, durable and warm, as I have found when the children curled down upon them by the fire-side some cold winter nights. The tag ends and clippings, if pulled out fine, make good fillings for chair cushion or sofa pillow in constant use.—*Annie L. Jack, in Rural New Yorker.*

Store-rooms and Stores.—A clean, tidy, well-arranged store-room is one sign of a good methodical housekeeper. Where stores are put away anyhow, and taken out at any time and in any quantity, we have good grounds for supposing that disorder and extravagance prevail. A store-room ought to be large, airy, cool, and dry. Such a room is not always to be had, but even if a closet has to be put up with, it may be kept clean. Shelves should be arranged round the walls, hooks fastened to the edges of the shelves. The driest and coolest part of the room should be kept for jams, jellies, and pickles. All the jars should be distinctly labelled at the front, so that they will not all need to be taken down every time a particular jar is wanted. Biscuits or cakes should be kept in closely-covered tin boxes; lemons should be hung in nets. Soap should be bought in large quantities, and cut up in convenient-sized pieces, so that it may be dry before it is used. Coffee, when roasted, should be kept in small quantities; if unroasted, it will improve with keeping. Stores should on no account be left in the papers in which they were sent from the grocer's, but should be put into tin canisters or earthenware jars closely covered, and each jar, like the jam, should be labelled. Stores should be given out regularly, either daily or weekly. In order to check their consumption, the housekeeper will do well to keep in the store-room a memorandum-book with a pencil fastened to it, and in this book she should enter the date on which all stores were brought in or taken out. By means of these memoranda she can compare one week's outgo with another, and immediately discover any extravagance. A hammer, a few nails, a little gum, a ball of string, a few sheets of foolscap, and a pair of scissors, should always be kept in the store-room.

BRIAN GALLAGHER,

THE WICKLOW FISHERMAN AND PILOT.

PART I.

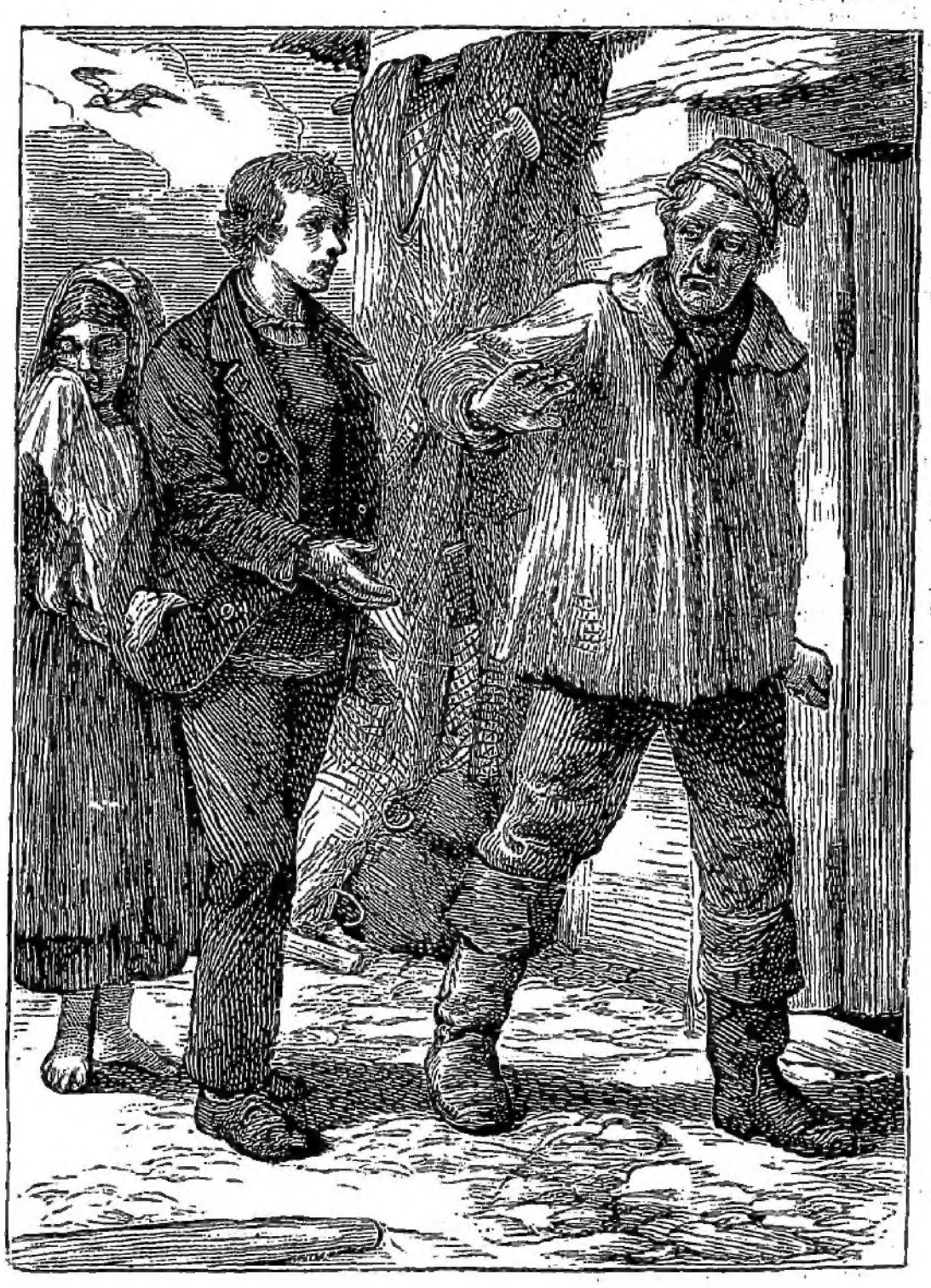
"No, niver! Mane swadlin' turncoats, even tho' me own flesh and blood, shall niver put head ondher me roof—no, not iv the heavens this minnit war black as a raven's wing and rainin' down a second deluge, let alone it's bein' the bright and smilin' day that it is the blessed June mornin'. No, niver shall it be sed that Brian Gallagher put his own heart's feelin's afore the commands av his Church. Iv it cost me me life from a broken heart, I'd dhrive ye from me dure."

Brian Gallagher was a Wicklow pilot and fisherman—and these strong and passionate words of his were addressed to his son Phil and his daughter Rose, as they stood at the door of his little cottage, pale and agitated, from his refusal to receive them.

The "head and front of their offending" was, they had got possession from a Christian neighbor of the Holy Scriptures, and had come to love their doctrine and follow their rule; but the Bible was a forbidden book in the parish, and Father Hennessy, a severe man—who as a celibate did not know the strength of parental feeling, nor the agony of heart produced by violence done to it—had insisted that unless the two young people surrendered to him the heretical volume, they should be expelled from their home as incorrigible children, to save the parish from the poison of their opinions.

"I'd do anything, father to plaze ye," answered Phil; "that is, anything that wasn't agin the Lord's will—even tho' it war to go on me two bare knees round the kingdom. But, father, darlint, how could I give up the Word o' God, that has been the light o' salvation to me sowl—and that to be burnt too—for Father Hennessy swore he'd put the sacred book with the tongs into the flames, scornin' to touch it with his fingers. Oh, father, how could I give up God's blessed Word for such an ind as that? No, I'd sonner give up me own body to be burnt. Shure 'the Book' is the Lord's own livin' voice to us, father, which He has towld us to hear, love, and obey, and which He wishes us to guard and cherish as our very life; and anyhow it wouldn't do you nor the priest much good to take the precious volume from me, for its texts by hundreds are deep down in me heart, and as lodged there no power o' man can touch them. Nor is it in me own power, even if I would, to give up what I've larnt, for no man can jist remimber and forget as it plazes him."

Further details of this painful interview between the father and his children we will not give—space needed for other portions of our narrative forbids. We shall only add that Phil, though with a swelling heart, kept his resolve to stand firm by the Bible, and his sister Rose, encouraged by his example, did the same. Their father Brian also was steadfast to his declared purpose, so that the young Irish lad of seventeen and his sister, two years his junior, were fain to look for a home other than that in which they had drawn their first breath and passed their childhood. Amid the



PHIL AND ROSE DRIVEN FROM HOME.

sneers and jeers of unsympathising onlookers, they had, weeping bitterly, to leave their native village.

Such incidents, alas! have not been uncommon in Ireland. The Celtic nature is deeply religious—using the phrase in its broadest sense—and the commands of what is called "the Church" are regarded as absolutely binding by such men as Brian Gallagher. The warm Irish heart, it is true, with its strong family affections, rises up rebellious against this disowning and casting out of children; but the demands of an ignorant conscience, blinded by superstition and goaded by clerical authority, are inexorable, and even though the heart break as Brian Gallagher himself expressed it, the son or daughter deemed a heretic is banished from the home, as accursed of Heaven. "Think not I am come to send peace on the earth," said the Saviour; "I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set man at variance with his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law; and a mans foes shall be they of his own household."

Phil and Rose Gallagher, however, were given to know the fulfilment of another Divine prediction, "No man hath left father or mother for My sake and the Gospel's, but shall receive an hundredfold now in this time, and in the world to come eternal life." The Christian friend who had in love to their souls given them the the Scriptures, interested other friends like-minded in the young refugees' behalf, so that soon another home, superior in the highest respect to that they had been driven from, was opened to them, and "father and mother, brothers and sisters" of the household of faith were likewise soon added. They were for a season kindly cared for in a neighboring town, and afterwards sent to friends in England.

After the departure of his children, Brian Gallagher was a man to be pitied. While his temper was up no sacrifice seemed too great for him to make at the call of supposed religous duty; but when upon seeing Phil and Rose vanish from his sight, he turned to his accustomed seat in the chimney corner, and his passion had time to cool, things appeared in a somewhat different light, and an irrepressible yearning for his loved ones arose and struggled in his bosom. The tears of his wife, too, though she was but the step-mother of his children, added to his painful emotions. He relented and wavered, and would have gone after the banished ones to recall them, had not his spiritual guide suddenly made his appearance, and stepping into the house, commended his obedience to the injunction laid upon him, and fanned anew his blind and angry zeal for "the thrue Church."

"The highest authority—the Pope himself—has put his ban upon the cursed heretical Book," said Father Hennessy, "and upon the Society that prints and circulates it; and it must not be found in my parish, I've made up my mind to that; and you, Brian Gallagher, have my best priestly benediction for backing me up in this determination."

"Thank yer riverence," answered Brian. "I'm proud to stand by me religous shupayryers; and yit, Father Mat (this was the priest's baptismal name), it's crushin' the very heart in me: for oh, God help me, it's the sorest trouble I've had in all me life."

"Tut, tut," cried the stern priest, "let us hear no more of that. Hear what the Church (?) says, and take a warning from it; 'He that loveth wife or child more than me, is not worthy of me.' Be thankful it's your children and not your life you're asked to give up, Brian Gallagher, for you'd be bound to give your life if I asked it."

"I wish to God it war me life you asked for," responded poor Brian, "and not me childer. It's me belief I'd resign it aisier; but as it's the Lord's will that Phil and Rose should go, in His Holy name I'll bow to me lot, though it brings me to the grave."

Deluded man! it was not the Lord's will that his children should be exiled, and least of all because of their love for the Holy Scriptures. To teach such a doctrine was a wicked libel upon God's sacred name and character

and this the miserable parent, if he had but true insight, might have found out. When God really calls to a painful and testing duty He gives strength to go through with it, as He did to Abraham when he commanded him to offer up his son; but Brian Gallagher, soothe his conscience as he would by the supposition of religious duty, was the victim of utter desolation—there was a hunger of heart and a darkness of soul within, which, though he claimed the approbation of Heaven, filled him with remorse and dragged him to the borders of despair.

To continue in the house brooding over his thoughts and feelings was impossible—he could not endure the torment of his own reflections. To relieve his mind he busied himself with unwonted zeal, and yet withal with an absent mind, in his calling.

"What on airth has cum over Brian?" said one of his comrades to another one day. "He used to be wan you could rely on. No wan knew betther whin to howld and whin to venthur—as sinsible and raysonable a man he was as any in the disthrict But 'pon me conshuns, of late I can tell ye he has becum a caution; why you'd imagine he was for ever and a day in a dhrame, or was half his time lookin' at a ghost. Last Tuesday, he'd have sent us all, clean as a whistle, to the bottom, had not Andy Maguire forced the tiller from his hand and brought the 'Polly Hopkins,' bow as it should be to a whapper of a wave that, as Brian was steerin', would as shure as day in a twinklin' have swamped us, and landed every mother's sowl uv uz in Davey's locker."

Brian's comrade was right—the wretched man was ever as in a haunted dream, and existence had become a burden to him. Almost reckless, he would also risk any danger and dare any consequences to become lost to himself in the excitement of a perilous moment.

All attempts, however, thus to drown reflection proved unavailing; or if successful for a time, the misery within quickly returned. Amid all his forced and fevered employment, a voice from his inner self never ceased to call for the return of the loved ones he had so cruelly banished—the brave son and fair daughter once the light and pride of his dwelling.

It is not wonderful, therefore, that after a while he began to lose faith in the rectitude of his unmanly conduct—felt that perhaps he had been too hasty and unrelenting. Words too which his daughter Rose spoke in his ear with sobs and tears, as he spurned her from his door, came with a power to his remembrance that would not be resisted.

"Father," she said, "though the baste o' the field wouldn't thrate its offspring as you do me, may the Lord in Heaven, who will take me up, forgive and bless you. I blame not you for this unnatheral act, but thim that has set you on to it, and who ought to know betther. In place of wantin' to get the livin' Word of the Lord from me, ye ought to be the furst to put it in me hand. Oh, whin will it be that the blessed St. Paul would be able to say of every boy and girl in this so-called Christian land, what he did of a young Christian—Timothy—in the early times of the Gospel—'From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make you wise unto salvation, by faith, that is, in Christ Jesus.' But good-bye, father; and may the Lord, whom I have found in the Book, guide ye to what is right."

At the time Brian Gallagher flung back with scorn the remonstrance and prayer of his child; but now the words she spoke came back with a burning sting to his conscience, and evoked a remorse that filled him with sore disquietude and pain.

And yet he could not bring himself to undo his evil work. A cowardly shrinking from what he considered would be an act of self-humiliation held him in suspense. That some time or other he would recall the banished ones was his settled intention—but precisely *when* he could not bring himself to determine. And thus it ever is with poor human nature, when it is the prey of contending passions. When we would do good, evil is present with us; and the virtuous decision almost made to-day is sent back again into the region of uncertainty and doubt to-morrow.

Part II.

"To the rescue! There's a big bark on the outer sand-bank!" was the terrible cry that one morning ran along the street which fronted the beach of the village where Brian Gallagher resided. "She's wan o' the American liners," was added; "and we can see the passengers and crew crowdin' on her decks."

The sand-bank spoken of is part of the great Arklow bank that stretches for miles along a considerable portion of the coast of County Wicklow. The day was clear when the alarm we have mentioned was given; but the wind was fearfully strong and the sea ran mountains high, and far as eye could reach was one scene of snow-white foam and maddened breakers.

"To the rescue, indeed," said Peter Kenny to a man near him, "it's oncommon aisy to shout it, but I'd like to know whose goin' to thry it. Not me, anyhow. Why there ain't a boat in Ireland could live five minnits in the say that's leapin' and roarin' out there this blessed moment. Look! sure enough the big ship hersilf is tossed about like a shuttlecock, and it's my idaya can't howld together until the tide laves her. God help thim that's aboord her, say I; for all the art o' man can't do a ha'porth o' good to save thim. And yit, how the mischief did such a fine craft as she is git on the bank such a clear day as this? Those who have had her guidin,' it's my noshun, must be either dhrunk or stupid."

We fear that Peter Kenny was not far wrong in his judgment. There had been rather free libation in the skipper's cabin. But now, sobered by danger, every officer was at his post and active, and from the beleaguered vessel guns of distress flashed and sounded every minute.

It is a painful sight to look on from the shore at a shipwreck. He who has witnessed such a scene can never forget it. Those who struggle for dear life stretch out hands for help which you long to give but cannot. Your own security deepens your distress, as does their nearness to the shore, which seems to offer a mocking and tantalizing refuge. Some there are who cannot endure such a sight, and retire to their homes—the vision of fellowmen swept, amid shrieks of despair, into the boiling tide, if witnessed, would haunt them forever.

Among the crowd that watched the bark in her distress was Michael Quinn. He was an ablebodied and brave seaman, and had a tender heart withal; he felt he would risk anything to save the human lives in danger of perishing before him.

"Who'll man a boat wid me," he cried, "and go to the sthranded ship? I'm blessed if I can stand this sort o' thing any longer. Men, women, and childer are beggin' and' prayin' for help. Boys o' man, let us, in God's name, make an offer somehow to save thim."

For a time there was no response to this proposal—the hazard was too great, and the hope of success too small for any to volunteer their services. After a season of dreadful suspense, however, Jim Harragan, another seaman, was moved to back his comrade, and called out, "I'll stand by ye, Mick, me man. In God's name let us make an effort for the ship. Boys, who'll jine us?"

A beginning having been made, other volunteers, notwithstanding the protest of female relatives, were soon added to the crowd, so that a sufficient number to man a large boat stood forth ready for the hazardous enterprise. But a difficulty now presented itself: what boat would serve for an attempt at all likely to be successful? It was thought not one—until an old seaman bethought him of Brian Gallagher's boat, the "Polly Hopkins."

"She's a tidy lass of a boat," said Owen Garret (this was the old man's name). "If there's wan in Ireland has the ghost of a chance to reach yon ship, it's her But I think with the blessin' o' God, she'll do it. I've known her stand a say nigh hand as bad as dis."

"Brian, will you lind us the 'Polly'?" shouted out aloud a dozen voices; but there was no response. The fact was, Brian was not there; regardless of the excitement in the village, he was at home, crouching over the hearth in one of his moody fits—too much occupied with his own misery to care for the needs and misery of others.

After his name had been shouted in vain two or three times someone suggested where he might be found, and Tim Mullins, a young man, one of the volunteer crew, was despatched in haste to his dwelling. Rushing, in his eagerness, without ceremony into the little kitchen where the self-bereaved man was sitting with stooped head over a half-extinguished fire, Tim. almost breathless, cried out, "Mr. Gallagher, there's a big ship on the bank—me and a lot more want to put off to her. Will ye let us have the 'Polly' for the job, for it's allowed on all hands she's the only boat can do the business."

Brian was startled by the young man's loud voice and abrupt manner, and did not quite comprehend what was wanted, so that Jim had to repeat his request.

"Yes, I suppose you may have her," was his answer, given carelessly; "for I sha'n't to-day, anyhow, go a fishin.' But wait, let me see," he added, changing his tone; "where's the ship you talk uv, and in what condishun is the wather? for to tell ye the thruth, tho' I've heard some guns a-firin', I haven't been outside the dure this mornin'." Advancing to a spot before the house from whence the coast for miles was visible, he scanned the broken and foaming sea, and the place where the breaking-up ship was lying. "No, no," he exclaimed, "the 'Polly' must not be sacrificed; she'd never stand a say like that; I withdraw my consint, for to reach yon ship is onpossible."

"But, there is crowds an' crowds o' fellow-craythurs aboord her," pleaded Tim. "We can see thim from the beach, and we can't stand the sight; so me, and Mick Quinn, and Jim Harragan, and a lot more, have made up our minds to venthur our lives to save 'em. And, shure a man, if we risk our very selves in this matther, you may risk what's not yersel', the 'Polly Hopkins.'"

(To be Continued.)

Evil pursueth sinners: but to the rightous good shall be repayed.—Prov., xiii, 21.

The Family Circle.

THROUGH THE DOOR.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

The Angel opened the door
A little way,
And she vanished, as melts a star,
Into the day.
And, for just a second's space,
Ere the bar he drew,
The pitying Angel paused,
And we looked through.

What did we see within?
Ah! who can tell?
What glory and glow of light
Ineffable;
What peace in the very air;
What hush and calm,
Soothing each tired soul
Like healing balm!

Was it a dream we dreamed?
Or did we hear
The harping of silver harps,
Divinely clear?
A murmur of that "new song,"
Which, soft and low
The happy angels sing—
Sing as they go?

And, as in the legend old
The good monk heard,
As he paced his cloister dim,
A heavenly bird,
And, rapt and lost in the joy
Of the wondrous song,
Listened a hundred years,
Nor deemed them long;

So chained in sense and limb
All blind with sun,
We stood and tasted the joy
Of our vanished one;
And we took no note of time,
Till soon or late
The gentle Angel sighed
And shut the gate.

The vision is closed and sealed,
We are come back
To the old, accustomed earth,
The well-worn track—
Back to the daily toil,
The daily pain;
But we never can be the same,
Never again.

We that have bathed in noon
All radiant white,
Shall we come back content
To sit in night?
Content with self and sin
The stain, the blot?
To have stood so near the gate
And enter not?

Oh! glimpse so swift, so sweet,
So soon withdrawn!
Stay with us; light our dusks
Till day shall dawn;
Until the shadows flee
And to our view
Again the gate unbars
And we pass through.

—*N. Y. Independent.*

THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

(*Rev. Wm. Dorling "in unday Magazine*).

The royal home has from the earliest years of the Queen's marriage been regarded as one of the happiest in England. We are now enabled to form an estimate of the extent to which this is to be attributed to the character of the late lamented Prince Consort, and to the influence which he exerted in stimulating and directing its life. The different volumes which have appeared since his death give to us a clear conception of the place which he held there, and furnish a picture of its inner life which must be interesting to us all. Her Majesty has conferred a favor upon her people in giving, whether directly or indirectly, the history of her husband's life, so that they may share as far as possible her good opinion of its worth, and become acquainted with the sources of that happy influence which she has ever borne as the Sovereign of these Realms.

We get many a glimpse of a dear grandmother whose love for Albert and his brother Ernest was very touching. In June, 1822, when the two little boys returned to Coburg from Gotha, whither they had gone for a stay during the absence of their parents, she wrote, "Yesterday morning my dear little boys came back from Gotha; and I was overjoyed. Ernest is very much grown. . . . . Albert is very much smaller than his brother, and lovely as a little angel, with his fair curls." Much testimony is borne as to the purity of the Prince's heart in those early years. His cousin, Count Arthur Mensdorff, attributed his admirable sweetness of disposition to a perfect moral purity both in word and deed. The Prince and his brother were hardly ever separated in their early years, and they seem to have cherished a devoted affection for each other.

For a moment we come away from the small German principality in which these little boys were being trained with much care, and glance at a little maiden in an English home, who was being watched over with unusual interest by her mother, the Duchess of Kent, and her uncle Prince Leopold—the Princess Victoria, who was likely to be Queen of England. Away in Germany the Prince's nurse used to prattle to him of his little cousin Victoria as his destined bride.

Circumstances eventually seemed to suggest in earnest the question as to whether Prince Albert was a suitable consort for the young Princess. Leopold, now King of the Belgians, was the principal adviser in the matter; but he sought the aid of his old friend, Baron Stockmar, with whom he had been in intimate friendship for very many years. This man had entered the service of the Prince Leopold as private physician in 1816, and the poor Princess Charlotte with her hand in his. The baron had known the Princess Victoria rather intimately, and cared intensely for her welfare. He formed a very high conception of the requirements which he laid down as necessary qualities in her consort, and was unwilling to give his sanction, or even opinion, as to the fitness of the Prince for such a position until he had fuller opportunities of knowing him. With this view he travelled with him and his brother, and in all possible ways cultivated his society, and gave the benefit of his guidance in the training of his young friend.

On the 20th of June, 1837, the Princess Victoria, then only eighteen years of age, acceded to the throne of England. Six days afterwards the Prince congratulated his "dearest cousin" on the event, saying, "You are Queen of the mightiest land of Europe; in your hand lies the happiness of millions. May Heaven assist you, and strengthen you with its strength in that high, but difficult task." In the autumn of that year a flower from the Righi found its way from the Prince to the Queen. On February 10th of the following year, as all the world knows, their love was ratified, and Albert and Victoria were man and wife.

The Queen's *Journal*, in recording her feelings shortly after the marriage, and referring to the leave-taking between the Prince and his father and brother, observes, "Father, brother, friends, country—all has he left, and all for me! God grant that I may be the happy person—the most happy person—to make this dearest, blessed being happy and contented. What is in my power to make him happy I will do." And there is every proof in the world that the young Queen's fervent and truly womanly resolve was maintained to the end. Difficulties were not slow to arise within a home which, as most people might imagine, could not be securely protected from them. The position of the Prince in relation to the other members of the Royal Family was very difficult to determine; nor was his authority in his own home very easily defined in view of the practices and customs which had become so strong as to be almost impossible of alteration. The Prince wrote, "In my home life I am very happy and contented; but the difficulty in filling my place with the proper dignity is, that I am only the husband, and not the master in the house." It was not long before the Queen asserted for her husband and herself the claims which her love and respect inspired. It is clear that the Prince was not actuated by envious motives, and that he was not unbecomingly self-assertive; but he was too much in earnest, and too anxious to be helpful to the Queen, to rest satisfied with a mere honor that brought no obligations to usefulness.

In no respect is this more apparent than in the efforts which the Prince made from the very first period of his marriage to render to the Queen every assistance which was possible in the transaction of duties which devolved upon her as the head of her own government. The Prince thought that the Queen should not be merely an ornamental personage, but as the Sovereign the real head of affairs. He had not in earlier years shown much interest in politics; the politics of the newspapers especially. He had been roused from this indifference by Stockmar, and now that circumstances called forth his energy in this direction, he gave himself heart and soul to the work which lay before him. He became in reality the private adviser and secretary of the Queen. The toil which this involved was very great. All foreign despatches were read, as well as the drafts of answers which were prepared by the ministers for the time being. He prepared memoranda concerning home matters, in which he expressed the views which were taken of them by the Queen and himself. As he said, in a letter written ten years later to the Duke of Wellington, his principle was "to sink his own individual existence in that of his wife: . . . . to place all his time and powers at her command as the natural head of her family, superintendent of her household, manager of her private affairs, her sole confidential adviser in politics, and only assistant in her communications with the officers of the government, her private secretary, and permanent minister." The Prince had his ideal clearly in view, and was not likely to swerve from it.

As far as possible nothing was allowed to interfere with the dearer joys of life, which this royal pair found as precious as any of the humbler subjects in the kingdom. They had cares which needed relief, and burdens which could alone be lightened by the tender amenities which are the strength of every home. The Queen testifies that in times of weakness "his care of her was like that of a mother; nor could there be a kinder, wiser, or more judicious nurse." No wonder that before a twelvemonth of married life had elapsed, the Queen wrote thus in her *Journal*,—"I told Albert that formerly I was too happy to go to London, and too wretched to leave it; and how, since the blessed hour of my marriage, and still more since the summer, I dislike and am unhappy to leave the country, and could be content and happy never to go to town. This pleased him." We come upon many pretty pictures of home life; as simple as any which meet our eye when we look in cottages where love holds sway. Writing a fortnight after the birth of the Prince of Wales in her *Journal*, the Queen describes a scene which occurred on the 21st of November, 1841:—"Albert brought in dearest little Pussy (the Princess Royal) in such a smart white merino dress, trimmed with blue, which Mamma had given her, and a pretty cap, and placed her on my bed, seating himself next to her, and she was very dear and good. And as my precious invaluable Albert sat there, and our little love between us, I felt quite moved with happiness and gratitude to God." That they depended very lovingly upon one another for support in times of sorrow is often revealed to us. It was a deep grief to the Prince when he lost his father suddenly in 1844. The Queen did her best to cheer him under this heavy trial. He wrote in the following way to Baron Stockmar:—Here we sit together—poor Mamma, Victoria, and myself; and weep, with a great cold public around us, insensible as stone." We can easily imagine that those whose lot it is to live in that "fierce light which beats upon a throne," must often yearn for the simpler ways which are common to ordinary people; and that when private griefs weigh heavily upon them, they are often compelled to mourn the distance which separates them from those whom they govern. In a letter written to Baron Stockmar years after marriage, we find briefly expressed what was his constant feeling towards the Queen and his ruling desire for the children. "She is the treasure on which my whole existence rests. The relation in which we stand to one another leaves nothing to desire. It is a union of heart and soul, and is therefore noble; and in it the poor children shall find their cradle, so as to be able one day to insure a like happiness for themselves." Of not less service was the Prince to the Queen. We find her acknowledging it over and over again in the course of the correspondence which is published. In 1846, the Queen said to King Leopold in a letter:—"Albert's use to me, and I may say to the country, by his firmness and sagacity in these moments of trial, is beyond all belief." Periods of absence were always endured with much anxiety for re-union; and letters were very loving and frequent. The earlier correspondence is especially marked by tender references to mutual suffering arising from this cause.

(*To be Continued.*)

"HIS WAY."

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

"You must excuse him, for it's his way," or, "Don't mind that, it is her way," are expressions constantly in use, generally serving as excuses for bluntness, impoliteness, and often the most unpardonable rudeness in manners and conversation. The following incident—true in every particular—will show how "his way" in one instance, at least, was treated precisely as it deserved to be.

Mr. John Ormiston, a merchant from Chicago, instead of staying at his hotel as usual, decided to accept a warm invitation from his old college chum, the Rev. Frederic Hamilton, pastor of a large and influential Church up town in New York. Mr. Ormiston had seen his friend but once since his marriage and ordination, and that once had not left a very pleasant impression on his mind; but, true, loving friend that he was, he would not allow himself to be prejudiced by it, believing that some annoyance or trouble was the cause of the strange preoccupation. It never entered into John Ormiston's honest head to suspect that the Rev. Frederic Hamilton could differ in the least from Fred. Hamilton, "old boy," of Harvard. However, after waiting in the drawing-room for fully fifteen minutes, anxiously awaiting his friend's arrival, and then to be greeted by his hostess with an apology for her husband, did strike him as a little strange.

"Mr. Hamilton is very much engaged at present," said the lady, "but desires you to make yourself quite at home. He will be down presently."

The vision of Fred rushing down stairs half a dozen steps at a time was suddenly dissipated. Mr. Ormiston belonged to the class who believe that ministers should not give all their enthusiasm to the Church; that it is absolutely Christian, as well as necessary, to save some for the family. He also believed that ministers should be even more cheerful than other men, and he and Fred had talked this over so often in college that he supposed his friend to be of the same opinion.

John Ormiston, in the elegant chamber on the third floor, washed the skin almost off his hands trying to make it out. According to his own statement, he "washed and washed and washed," without once thinking what he was doing. After awhile the dinner bell rang, and Mrs. Hamilton appeared at the door. She was slightly flushed, and the gentleman thought her voice trembled a little.

"I hope you will excuse my husband," she said. "He is not yet ready for dinner, and he never likes me to wait. It is his way."

"His way!" Those two words were in themselves a revelation, and John Ormiston quite forgot himself in pity for the woman who was obliged to excuse her husband on this plea. By request, Mr. Ormiston assumed the responsibility of carving, all the time wondering what his wife would do under such circumstances. "She might behave as well as this woman after she got used to it," he thought; "but wouldn't there have been a few earthquakes and tornadoes first!"

"I hope Mr. Hamilton is quite well." He started to say Fred, but the word refused to come out. The college cognomen of "Fred, old fellow," would never again pass his lips, he thought, and he had said it to himself a hundred times, at least, on his way up town. John Ormiston felt almost as badly for a moment as when he buried his first baby. Dessert came, and with it Mr. Hamilton, having evidently forgotten all about his visitor. He lounged in abstractedly, one hand in his hair, and enquired wearily, "What have you for dinner, Kitty?"

At that moment Mr. Ormiston was very forcibly reminded of his own wife, for the lady rose and with great deliberation said,—

"Mr. Hamilton, allow me to introduce to your kindly notice Mr. Ormiston, of Chicago."

"You were very good to hunt us up, very good indeed," said the minister, extending his hand with some show of cordiality. This speedily vanished, however, and after a few questions and monosyllabic answers, all attempts at conversation ended.

After dinner Mr. Hamilton said, "My wife is a capital talker, Ormiston, if you only draw her out a little. I've some committee business on hand which I must attend to; after that I am at your service;" and the gentleman withdrew.

"Mr. Ormiston," began his hostess after a short pause, "I know that you must be both mortified and wounded; and if you are not also angry, it is because you are a better Christian than I am. I have heard my husband speak of you many times, and always with the warmest affection. I have but one excuse to offer, that it is 'his way.' Do you play chess, Mr. Ormiston?"

Mr. Ormiston played chess, and the evening passed after a fashion, the gentleman determined to endure anything rather than wound the feelings of his friend's wife by abruptly taking his departure.

Breakfast was almost over when Mr. Hamilton next appeared. This is what he said:—

"Do stop with us whenever you come east, Ormiston. It must be pleasanter than staying at a dismal hotel."

"I ought to be very much obliged to you, perhaps," was the quick response, "but excuse me if I don't see it quite in that light. Nothing on earth would have induced me to remain so long, had it not been for your wife, who tried so hard to make up for your lack of cordiality—yes, Fred Hamilton, for your lack of decency. If you should ever come to Chicago, I'll show you how a man entertains his friends. You may consider yourself a privileged individual, privileged to be rude, boorish, and contemptibly un-Christian; privileged to be excused for all short-comings on account of your way; but your way is the meanest of all ways, and this I would tell you if you were

the pastor of all the Churches in America. Now I'm going;" and John Ormiston actually did shake hands with Mrs. Hamilton, pick up his carpet bag, and with the following parting shot walked out of the house without giving his friend a moment's chance to reply:—

"Let me tell you one more thing. Your wife will do more good with her sweet, sunshiny manner, her broad, universal charity, her helpfulness, her good common-sense, than five hundred such ministers as you are."

That same morning Mr. Ormiston received the following note:—

"DEAR JOHN: Please forgive me and try it again to-night. You were right; but notwithstanding appearances my heart is in the right place. Come up to-night and see for yourself.

"FRED, OLD FELLOW."

John Ormiston swallowed a big lump in his throat; then he wiped his eyes, and fervently exclaimed, "Thank God!"

When they met that afternoon, Fred Hamilton's voice was as tender as a woman's, and his arm went round his friend's neck as affectionately as in the old college days.

"You have made me thoroughly ashamed," he said. I thank you, and ask your pardon at the same time. It will be a lesson to me always, and with God's help I will never again have to be excused on account of its being 'his way.'"—*Zion's Herald.*

MY LOTTERY TICKETS.

WHAT THEY COST AND WHAT THEY AMOUNTED TO.

It was Saturday night, and the little woman who bears my name and mends my stockings, was sitting in her low chair by the fire, zealously putting a patch upon the knee of little Tom's trousers, turning the piece of cloth this way and that, and holding her head on one side to watch the effect. But the stripes would all run the wrong way, while the colors were provokingly bright, compared with the faded garment.

"Never mind that, Mary," said I, "here's a chance to throw away your patches. Hurrah for a lovely country seat on the Hudson, fifty shares of bank stock, a house in town, or anything else you wish, and all for a dollar!"

"Now, Thomas," said she, and when she wishes to be particularly severe she always calls me Thomas, "what are you talking about?"

"A gift enterprise, Mollie; tickets only a dollar, and sure to draw a prize." I read the heading and displayed the long list of prizes. "What do you think of that?" shouted I, triumphantly.

"I think," she said, laughing, "that if you make so much noise you will wake the baby." Then, seeing that I looked annoyed, she added: "But I do not think that lotteries are just right, especially for church members. Do you?"

"O, nonsense! I never saw a church fair in my life that did not have grab-boxes and lotteries. I shouldn't dare to say how many dollars I have spent on them, and never drew anything either"

She looked roguishly at me. "Don't you think, then, you are most too old to begin?"

"It may as well be I, as any one, and it is no great matter—only a dollar."

"I know, Tom," and the wise little woman looked grave, "but we haven't many dollars to throw away;" and she held up the baby's socks with a good-sized hole in each heel. "And little Tom's school bill comes in next week."

I laid down my paper and tried to speak convincingly. "Now, Mollie, it is all very well for a man to jog on day after day, earning and spending just so much, but he likes to venture once in a while, just for the excitement of the thing, if nothing more."

"Yes; but, Tom, don't you remember the share in the oil well?"

"Ye-e-s," said I slowly, for it was rather an unpleasant topic of conversation to me. I had invested the little sum left me by a maiden aunt in an oil company, against Mary's good judgment. Capital a million of dollars, more or less; oil wells flowing day and night on the land of the next company, just over the fence. I was much elated, and promised Mary, among other things, a new black silk dress we had seen displayed in some show window. Well, they bored and bored, throwing up a great deal of dirt, and a great deal of water, but not a drop of oil, and just as they were about to begin in a new spout, the treasurer or some one else ran away with the funds, and that ended the whole affair. Mary, like a good little woman, never reproached me, but when I came home one day and found her turning her old merino inside out and upside down, I felt, well, I can't tell just how, but I thought of that black silk dress.

"And oh!" she continued, "don't you remember the patent for the flour-sifter?" and she laughed outright. So did I, when I thought of the spectacle I presented when I chanced to turn the crank the wrong way, and the flour flew in every direction.

But I had made up my mind to buy one of these tickets; so, though Mary sighed, she said no more. I invested, on my way down town, Monday morning, and thought while I was about it I might as well buy one for Mary, and one for little Tom, too. I showed them to her when I went home to dinner at noon.

"Not three! O, Tom, how could you?" and she looked really grieved; while I, thinking it a pity if I must account for every penny I spent, assumed the dignified air which the occasion seemed to demand, and the meal passed in silence. I went home at night to find her sewing as usual. My conscience gave an uncomfortable twinge as she looked up pleasantly, and then turned to the great basket of work. If she only had a sewing machine! Perhaps I should draw one; and I grew quite happy over the thought, imagining her surprise when I sent it home unexpectedly. She would not think me unwise then in having bought the tickets.

Little Tom interrupted my reverie with: "O, father! Old Susan, who used to work for us, has been here to-day. She has burned her hand so she can't do anything. Mrs. Briggs gave her a dollar. Mother said she couldn't give her any money, but she put some salve on her hand and gave her something to eat." I did not look at Mary, but contrived to turn Tom's thoughts into another channel.

Nor was I any more comfortable, on passing through the hall next day, to overhear her conversation with a friend: "No," she was saying, "I shall not subscribe to the reading club this winter; I can't very well spare the two dollars."

Well, the days went by without our saying anything more about it. I grew a little nervous as the time for drawing the prizes drew near, and opened my morning paper with some trepidation. At length my eyes were greeted with a long list of the *fortunate* numbers which had drawn the largest prizes. I read them all over carefully first to last, and then, more carefully still, from last to first; but in vain—my numbers were not there.

In a day or two another list appeared, which I read with the same result. At last, among others which drew a prize worth less than one dollar, I found my own.

"Tom," said a friend whose office was next to mine, "don't you think Jones was fool enough to buy a ticket in the gift enterprize!"

I winced, but said nothing, and he went on. "What do you think he drew? A dauby print of Washington and a pair of eighteen carat brass buttons. He consoles himself with the adage, 'Live and learn,' but I think 'A fool and his money,' etc., more appropriate."

I made some reply and left him. I thought I would not carry home the newspaper that night; I was ashamed to have Mary see it. But as we sat before the fire after tea:

"Why, Tom!" said she, "where's your paper?" I had intended to say that I forgot it. But I defy any one to look into Mary's clear brown eyes and tell a lie. So I just told the whole truth.

I believe if she had scolded, or said: "I told you so," I should have put on my hat and left the house; but her only remark was: "Never mind, Tom, we'll know better another time."

Do you wonder that I think her a wonderful little woman? I made a great resolve that night, and I have not bought a lunch down town nor smoked a cigar for a month. Even my pipe and paper of Killinick are laid away on a high shelf, out of the way of temptation. And when Mary asks what has become of my pipe, I look sober and reply that I think smoking disagrees with me; but I laugh to myself as I think of the sewing machine that will stand in the corner by the window before many months, and the rest that will come to those busy fingers. I even stepped into Brown & Smith's to enquire the price of their best black silks; but that I dare not think of at present.

It has been, after all, a good lesson; but I think it will be my last, as it was my first, experience in lottery tickets.—*Household.*

ACT INDEPENDENTLY.

BY MRS. R. H. WOOD.

"Myra, you have a fault which, if not corrected, will make you and your friends very unhappy," said Mrs. Spofford to her niece.

"What is this fault?" asked Myra.

"I refer to your habit of constantly quoting other people's style of living, as a rule for yourself. The question in your mind is not what is proper and best for you, but what will other people say? What people think and say of you seems to govern you more than the propriety or the right of the thing.

"You refer to my asking Amy how ladies wear their hats, I suppose, don't you, aunt?"

"Not entirely. I have long noticed your habit of discarding clothing hardly out of style, just because it is not the latest fashion; not stopping to think of the expense and trouble to your father, who works every day throughout the year, never giving himself a vacation, because he cannot afford to lose his time. Now if you were to ask what is just to your father, you might do very differently sometimes, and with the happiest results. Did you never observe the almost sad look that comes to his face when you say, "Papa, I must have a new dress for a party?"

"No, indeed, aunt! I never thought of such a thing. He always wants me to do as my friends do, as far as I know."

"I do not think he would like to have you appear in society in a dress so unlike all others as to attract attention, yet at the same time you might have sufficient independence in a style of your own as to maintain an individuality. When a lady does this, she gains an influence and power to mould society. It should be the object of every woman to gain influence and use it for the high and noble purpose of elevating society to a plane where reason and right shall be the ruling principle."

If we are to be truly great and good, we shall aim higher than merely to keep pace with others. We shall be enquiring what is conducive to health, morality and prosperity; and having attained to this knowledge, we shall act accordingly, thus encouraging others to something higher than the mere routine of fashionable life.

What possibilities are within the reach of women! They may, if they will, break the fetters that have so long crippled business, and do much toward bringing peace and prosperity to the nation. The doing as others do, has brought untold misery to husbands and fathers, and has had its reflex influence upon their families. Every true woman will ask what is right before making a demand for expensive outfits. When both men and women come to act independently, then will peace and prosperity dwell within our borders.—*Zion's Herald.*

PERMANENT INTEREST-BEARING INVESTMENTS.

Many persons affected by financial disasters have at least one consolation—what they have given for Jesus' sake is saved. More than this, it is bearing interest, and no human power can lessen or destroy it. It is not like a bond, payable in full at the option of the one who issues it. It draws interest throughout eternity. The grain sown will multiply, some thirty, some sixty, and some an hundred fold, and the sheaves must aggregate a much larger amount than the seed. Those who have sown bountifully will reap also bountifully. The only bags that wax not old are those woven by gifts. These are stored away in the heavenly garner, and will add to the exceeding weight of glory. Gifts do give relief to the recipient; they further the work of man's redemption. This fact is the objective reason for them; it lies upon the surface, and is soonest comprehended. There are times, however, when it is proper to consider how our charities may abound to our own account—how we may secure for ourselves enduring mansions, spotless robes, and imperishable crowns. If we have been tempted to trust unduly to certain riches, which have made for themselves wings and used them, it is time to ask, what investments are safe—what are the treasures that never fail? Bountiful givers cannot be absolutely poor. They may be called to wait a little for their inheritance, but only for a little, for their Master's word is sure: "Behold I come quickly, and my reward is with Me, to give to every man according as his work shall be."

The above appeal, from the *American Missionary* for July, is as true as it is beautiful. This autumn and winter, judging from present appearances, there will be abundance in all our borders, enough to use in legitimate ways and a surplus to give away. Now we do most earnestly suggest that the first fruit of all increase be presented to the Lord in the shape of gifts to home and foreign missionary societies, and missions to negroes, Chinese and Indians. The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, but he places the whole into the hands of men as his stewards to use for his glory and their own good. His command to carry the Gospel into all the world is imperative, and it is truely discouraging to find that Missionery societies are so neglected and cramped with debt as to have to diminish rather than extend their efforts. We should change all that, and the very first prosperity that is sent to any and every one should be availed of to relieve and strengthen missionary societies.—*N. Y. Witness.*

IT IS WISER often to leave circumstances to speak for themselves, while we hold our peace. Jesus Christ did this continually. There were times, of course, when He took the opportunity to *say* something, as when He said to the restored paralytic, "Go, and sin no more, lest a worse thing come to thee;" but many were the times when He appears to have refrained from uttering a word, as when He raised the widow of Nain's son, and gave him back alive into her arms. What an opportunity for saying something useful and impressive! Yet, He appears to have gone away in silence, leaving the event to work its own work in the heart of the mother and her son.

THE LATE Rev. Peter J. Gulick, of Japan, left the following written in pencil, as his last memorandum:

"For my breast in the coffin:

'By the grace of God I am what I am.'
'Into thine hand I commit my spirit.'
'Thou hast redeemed me O Lord God of truth.

'Hallelujah, 'tis done, I believe on the Son;
I am saved by the blood of the crucified One!'

'Jesus alone can help; Jesus is mine,
Farewell mortality, Jesus is mine,
Welcome eternity, Jesus is mine,
Welcome, O loved and blest, Jesus is mine.'

'To lay down my burdens at Jesus' feet,
And cease from my toiling and laboring, 'tis sweet.'

"I wish the above printed, or written very legibly, and laid on my shroud, in a very plain, *cheap* coffin."

The Rev. Luther H. Gulick, in a private letter from which the *Congregationalist* makes some extracts, states that his father's wishes were carried out, and that his body was laid in the cemetery of the Foreign Concession, in Kobe, "near the shores of the Pacific, whose billows he daily saw for fifty years, and in whose people, first on the Hawaiian Islands and then in Japan, he for half a century took such a deep interest—praying for them when he could no longer labor."

Question Corner.—No. 18.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

133. What woman ridiculed a king for rejoicing and suffered for it?
134. What did Job say at the loss of his children and all his possessions?
135. What was the name of Aaron's wife?
136. What was the language of Eli when sore afflicted?
137. Which of the prophets was carried captive into Babylon?
138. Who was the prophet of Israel in the time of Saul?
139. Which of the prophets was a herdsman?
140. Who was Maher-shalal-hash-baz?
141. What victorious army took, as trophies of war, two hundred thousand captives and much spoil?
142. Upon the advice of what prophet was a captive host returned to their own country by their victors?
143. What king in his vain glory took a census of his people?
144. What king traded in apes and peacocks?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

What woman armies to the battle led?
In troubled times who gave God's prophet bread?
Who told a lie to please his thirst for gain?
Whose house the holy ark of God received?
Who early of her husband was bereaved?
Who felt a loving father's keenest pain?
In these *initial* letters find,
A precept all our deeds to guide,
That bids us think of other's weal,
And cast all thought of self aside.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 16.

109. Ahasuerus, Esther viii. 10.
110. Saul, by falling on his sword, 2 Sam. i. 6.
111. Workmen on the Temple, 2 Kings xxii. 7.
112. Jonathan and Ahimaaz, 2 Sam. xvii. 17.
113. Saul, 2 Sam. i. 25.
114. Saul and Jonathan, 2 Sam. i. 23.
115. King of Salem, Gen. xiv. 18. 20.
116. Jehu, 2 Kings x. 15.
117. Zipporah, Ex. ii. 21.
118. Korah, Num. xxvi. 31.
119. Job, Job xlii. 15.
120. Love them as themselves, Lev. xix, 33, 34.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA.

Man-o-ah.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 16.—Fred. R. J. Priest, Orange Ionia Co. Mich., 9; John Tresidder, Montreal, Que., 11; Thos. Wiley, Ballinafad, O., 12.

Complete lists received from: Francis Hooker, Ormstown, Q., Margaret Patton, Ormstown, Q., Maggie Graham, Claude, O., Annie Donaldson, Ormstown, Q., Annie Patton, Ormstown, Q.,

To No. 15.—Agnes McCartney, Alnwick Lake, O., 9; Alice Publicle, Truro, N. S., 7; Elizabeth Jane Hilliard, Windham, O., 9; S. D. Carpenter, Weston, Vt., 9; Jennie A. Ferguson, Cazenville, Q., 8; Rhoda S. Broad, Haydon, O., 7; Alice Goodspeed, St. Marys, N. B., 11; Matilda H. Wallace, Shubenacadie, N. S., 8; Richard D. Moore, Selwyn, O., 10; Grace B. Robertson, Vernon, O., 5; Stephen S. Stevens, Hopewell Hill, N. B., 10; Clara Emma Ascah, Peninsula-Gaspé, Que. 5; Melenda Miller, Peninsula-Gaspé, Que., 7; Veneta M. Ascah, Peninsula-Gaspé, Que., 6; Jas. R. Girling, Maxwell, Ont., 9; N. S. McEachern, Massie, O., 10; Esther E. Hunt, Kilsyth, O., 4; Carrie Savage, Peninsula-Gaspé, Que., 6; Gussie Kellys, Kingsclear, N. B., 6; Fred. J. Priest, Orange, Mich., 7; Francis Hooker, Ormstown, Que., 11; Annie Donaldson, Ormstown, Que., 11; Annie Patton, Ormstown, Que., 11; Margaret Patton, Ormstown, Que., 11.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the "Little Pilgrim Question Book," by Mrs. W. Barrows. Congregational Publishing Society, Boston.)

LESSON XIII.—Sept 29.

A Missionary Lesson.—Rom. x. 12-15.

12. For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek; for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him.

13. For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

14. How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?

15. And how shall they preach, except they be sent? as it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!

Golden Text.—"For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John iii. 16.

1. For whom did Christ die? Golden Text.

2. Is there no other way of salvation but by Jesus Christ?

Ans. "Neither is there salvation in any other" (Acts iv. 12).

3. What does St. Paul say of all nations? Ver 12.

4. In what respect is there no difference between nations?

Ans. In respect to God's love for them, and the way to be saved.

5. How is the Lord "rich unto all that call upon him"?

Ans. He has abundant blessings for all, and is ready to give them to all who need and ask for them.

6. Who may be saved? Ver. 13.

7. Is there any special way to call upon the name of the Lord?

Ans. With love and trust.

8. How many questions are asked in verses 14 and 15?

9. How many of them can you answer?

10. Whose duty is it to send the gospel to those who are without it?

Ans. The duty of those who have the gospel.

11. Are there many in this world who have never heard distinctly of Christ?

Ans. Yes; very many in our own country and in other countries.

12. What kind of work is it to carry the gospel to those who have it not?

Ans. "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!" (ver. 15.)

13. Are there any difficulties and hardships in such work?

14. How, then, can so many be willing to do it?

15. What name do we give to those who go forth to do this work for Christ?

16. What does the word "missionary" mean?

Ans. A messenger, or one sent.

17. Who were the first missionaries?

Ans. The twelve disciples, or apostles.

18. What command did Jesus give them?

Ans. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature" (Mark xix. 15).

19. Where were they to begin?

Ans. "Beginning at Jerusalem" (Luke xxiv. 47).

20. Where should we commence in this work?

Ans. In our own country, and take care of that first.

21. What serious questions should young people ask themselves?

Ans. Whether they ought not some time to become missionaries.

22. How will they find the answer to this question?

Ans. If it is asked seriously and earnestly, God will answer it.

22. If we cannot be regular missionaries, what can we do for this cause?

Ans. Give our money and our prayers and our influence.

24. Can you do missionary work without going far from home?

25. Have you ever done any work for Christ?

Mission work for every day.

"BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS."

FOURTH QUARTER.

LESSON I.—Oct. 1.

Warning Against Formalism.—Luke xiii. 22-30.

22. And he went through the cities and villages teaching, and journeying toward Jerusalem.

23. Then said one unto him, Lord, are there few that be saved? And he said unto them,

24. Strive to enter in at the straight gate: for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able.

25. When once the master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door, and ye begin to stand without, and to knock at the door, saying, Lord, Lord, open unto us; and he shall answer and say unto you, I know you not whence ye are:

26. Then ye shall begin to say, We have eaten and drunk in thy presence, and thou hast taught in our streets.

27. But he shall say, I tell you, I know you not whence ye are; depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity.

28. There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth, when ye shall see Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets, in the kingdom of God, and you yourselves thrust out.

29. And they shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God.

30. And, behold, there are last which shall be first, and there are first which shall be last.

Golden Text.—"Strive to enter in at the strait gate: for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able."—Ver. 24.

1. What good was Jesus doing while on his journey towards Jerusalem? Ver. 22.

2. What question did one ask him? Ver. 23.

3. Why did he ask this question?

Ans. Just from idle curiosity.

4. How did Jesus answer it? Golden Text.

5. Why did he answer it in this way?

Ans. To show the man that it was of more consequence to be saved himself, than to know how many would be saved.

6. What is the meaning of the word "strive" in verse 24.

Ans. It means to try with all our power, and to use all our strength.

7. If you were in a burning house, and your life in danger, would you be careless and easy, or would you strive to escape?

8. Why should one strive more earnestly to do God's will than to save his life?

Ans. Because the life of the soul is worth more than the life of the body.

9. What is an illustration?

Ans. Something to make the meaning plain.

10. What illustration did Jesus give to those who were listening? Vers. 25-27.

11. What does the illustration in ver. 25 show us?

Ans. That some time God will shut the door of the heavenly home, and then some will be left outside.

12. What will they give as a reason why they should be allowed to come in? Ver. 26.

13. What does this mean?

Ans. People think, because they have been outwardly friendly to religion, and have been to church and sabbath school, that they are God's children, when it is not so.

14. Of what use is the form of religion if the heart is not in it?

Ans. Of no use at all.

15. If you say the words of a prayer, and are thinking of something else all the time, is it a real prayer?

16. What is necessary besides appearance of being religious?

Ans. A real love to God, which will lead one to do what will please him every day.

17. What will be a very sad day to those who have not this heart-love for God? Vers. 27, 28.

18. From what parts of the world will all the good be finally gathered? Ver. 29.

19. How did Jesus close this talk about being saved? Ver. 30.

20. What did it mean for those who heard him?

Ans. Jews, who knew about Christ first, were the last to believe in him; while the Gentiles, who heard of him later, believed before the Jews did so.

21. What does it mean for us?

Ans. People who have heard the gospel preached all their lives often think very little of it, and are the last to love and serve Christ.

22. How is it sometimes with the heathen, when the gospel-story is first told them?

Ans. They believe it, and immediately begin to serve the Lord.

23. What is the most important question which any one can ask?

Ans. "What shall I do to be saved?"

24. If a heathen child should ask you this question, what should you tell him?

25. If you love Christ with all your heart, and try to do right, what kind of a child are you?

Ans. A saved child.

Resolution for this week.

TO TELL SOME ONE THAT

"THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST HIS SON CLEANSETH US FROM ALL SIN."

YOUR WIFE'S CLAIMS.

You are a man of business, and have no time to show attention to your wife—few opportunities to converse with her; at least, you make a few. She submits to this unsocial state of things because she must, but is she happy? Probably not; no woman likes to be considered a cypher. Your wife ought to be your best adviser. She ought to be your most confident counselor. The self-conceit of a man amounts to genius. There are many husbands who would as soon think of taking advice of their children as of their wives. But it is only the fool who is too wise to seek counsel. A woman, you say, knows very little about business; nevertheless her intuition is often better than a man's judgment. Your wife is your partner. You have earned the money, but she has saved and sacrificed and pinched and worried and worked to help accumulate it. She has done her fair share toward making your property what it is; she has a right to be consulted how it shall be used. A double right has she to have her judgment weighed and measured in all questions relating to the disposition of the family and the training and culture of the children. Talk to your wife on all occasions. When your come home at night, tired with the cares of the day, to find her equally fatigued, bring to her the news of the day, bring the latest, freshest thought. In buying your paper, or subscribing for your monthly magazine, or renewing your religious weekly, get what suits her needs and meets her tastes. There is more in that patient, quiet, silent wife of yours than you think; do not freeze her very individuality by your practical contempt of women. *Morning Star.*

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Montreal, Aug. 3, 1878.

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The Proceedings of the Scond General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, to be held in Montreal in September, will likely prove of unusual interest. To meet the natural demand for a correct report of the same, the Daily Witness will publish extended reports of each day's proceedings, and it will be sent for the month of September, to any one desiring to obtain the reports, for thirty cents. To ministers the price will be only twenty-five cents. That this offer may be brought to the notice of every one likely to desire such a report, we request the readers of the Messenger to make it known to all their friends who possibly may be interested in this matter.

Notwithstanding the Dulness of the Times and Scarcity of Money, our publications are eagerly sought after by farmers and others who are in need of a good live family newspaper, whose columns are filled to overflowing with valuable comments on the leading questions of the day, also containing the latest and most reliable telegraphic reports, local and foreign news, together with the market reports. There are items about which every business-like farmer should keep posted. A farmer who studies the market reports, and prices at which produce is selling, will often save on one business transaction more than enough to pay for a dozen years' subscription. The Weekly Witness, which costs only $1.10 postage paid, is the paper to suit the people. It has departments for all divisions of the family: political, historical, scientific and agricultural for the father, household and general for the mother, and the Children's Corner for the children. Its price is $1.10 for a year, or 50c. for trial for six months to new subscribers for that time only. This offer will be open only for a short time longer.

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THE METHODIST GENERAL CONFERENCE.—This Conference will be held in Montreal during the first three weeks of September, and will be one of unusual interest to the members of the Methodist Church of Canada, and others interested in such matters. Extended Reports of the Proceedings will be published in the Montreal Daily Witness, which will be mailed for the month of September, free of postage, to any part of Canada or the United States for 30c, or 25c to clergymen. Readers of this notice will oblige by bringing it to the attention of all their friends who may be interested in it. Address JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Montreal.

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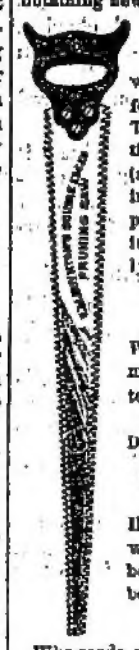

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